



When first I slipp'd my Leading Strings.

A favorite new Song.

Howard and Evans printers, 42, Long Lane,

When first I slipp'd my leading strings to please her little
Poll,
My mother bought me at the fair a pretty waxen doll,
Such flow'ry black eyes and cherry cheeks the smiling dear
posset,
How could I kiss it off enough or hug it to my breast?

No sooner could I prattle it, as forward misses do,
Then how I long'd and sigh'd to hear my dolly prattle too,
I curl'd her hair in ringlets neat, & dress'd her very gay,
And yet the saucy hussey not a syllable would say.

Provok'd that to my questions kind, no answer I could get,
I shook the little hussey well and whipp'd her in a pet,
My mother said O nee upon't pray let your doll alone;
If'er you wish to have a pretty baby of your own.

My head at this I bridled up and threw the play thing by,
Altho' my sister snubb'd me for't, I know the reason why
I fancy she would wish to keep the sweethearts all her own
But that she shan't depend upon't when I'm a woman grown.



ROSA LEA

OR DON'T BE FOOLISH JOE.

WHEN I lived down in Tennessee,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e,
I went courting Rosa Lea,
U-li-a-li, o-li-e;
Eyes as dark as winters's night,
Lips as red as berries bright,
When wooing first we both did go.
She said, No! don't be be foolish Joe,

U-li-a-li, o-li-e,
courting down in Tennessee,
U-li-li, o-li-e,
Beneath the wild banana tree.

He said, you're a lubly gal dat's plain,
U-li-a-li, o-li-e,
Bress as sweet as sugar cane,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e.
Feet so large, comely too,
Might make a cradle of each shoe,
Oh! Rosa, take me for your beau,
She said, No! don't be foolish, Joe.

My story yet is to be told,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e.
Rosa catch'd a shocking cold,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e.
Send for a doctor and the nurse,
Doctor came, and made her worse,
I trid to make her laugh, ah! no,
She whispered, Don't be foolish, Joe.

Dey gib her up no power could save,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;
She ask me follow her to the grave,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e;
I take her hand, 'twas cold as death,
So cold I hardly drew my breath,
She saw my tears, in sorrow flow,
And said, No; don't be foolish, Joe.

Hodges, from Pitts, Wholesale Toy and Marble Warehouse, 31, Dudley Street, Seven Dials.

ROVING JOURNEYMAN

I am a roving Journeyman,
I rove from town to town.
Where I get a job of work
I'm willing to set down.
With my kit on my shoulders
And my stick then in my hand,
Its down the country I will go
A roving Journeyman.
But when I came to Carlow,
The girls all jumped for joy,
Saying one unto the other,
Here comes a roving boy
One treats me to a bottle
Another to a dram,
And the toast goes round the table,
Here's a health to the Journeyman
I had not been in Carlow
The days but only three,
When a skinner's lovely daughter,
She fell in love with me.
She wanted me to live with her
And took me by the hand,
And sily told her mamma.
She loved Journeyman,
Oh hold your tongue you silly fool,
why do you say so,
How can you love a journey man
You never saw before
Oh hold your tongue dear mother,
And do the best you can.
For it's down in the country I will go,
with my roving Journeyman
Then I took my stick in hand,
And kit on my back also
And away from my friends and parents
A roving I did go,
There's not a town that I go through,
But I get a new sweetheart,
So girls if you believe me,
I am sorry with you to part
I cannot tell the reason
My love she looks so shy,
I always carry a cordial.
To make the maids comply,
I never use the magic art,
with any female kind,
whim makes me now go roving,
and leave my love behind.
So now my loving sweetheart,
To you I bid adieu.
And if ever I return again,
I'll surely marry you
Now let them all be talking,
Aed say the worst they can,
For its down to Dublin I will go,
A roving Journeyman.